THE
COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume II | New York, Wednesday, August 12, 1925 | Number 14

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CRIME—INCORPORATED?

IF THERE is one thing about which the professors of human progress feel absolutely certain it is that, whatever has happened to our morals, our manners at least have softened and become more humane. These are the same people who are never able to see the middle-ages, or any period prior to the industrial era, except through a fog of dirt, danger and discomfort, largely raised by their own prejudices, which prevents them from perceiving any grandeur in its outlines, far more from admitting that there is any lesson to be gained by us from its discarded theory and practice of life. Tell them these were the ages of faith, and they will retort that they were also the ages of ferocity. Suggest to them that something precious went out of life when the vision of the City departed to be replaced with the harsh reality of the cities, and they will tell you of any number of things that came in which they like better. In a word, for your lost happiness they will propound their acquired safety. What humanity has lost upon the swings of splendor it more than makes up on the roundabout of security.

Mr. Richard Washburn Child, investigator and feature writer of national repute, has started something that puts rather a bad crimp into the argument that life, because it is duller, is any safer. It cannot altogether be called his discovery. The data it focusses in a recent article in the Saturday Evening Post have been the theme of editorials and pulpit jeremiads for several months past. Nevertheless, his careful work in collecting and verifying notorious facts has had much to do with the movement for a "National Crime Commission" which will undertake to strengthen the hands of authority against the encroachments of bootleggers, gunmen and thugs on the one hand, and against the lawlessness of emancipated youth on the other.

At the meeting of prominent citizens interested in this praiseworthy cause, it soon became apparent that several misconceptions of the criminal will have to go by the board before the matter can be tackled in any form that promises a successful issue. Nothing has so gotten into the public consciousness as the idea that the criminal is one of two things, either an outcast taking his revenge by preying upon the corporate body that will have none of him, or else a weak brother for whom the discipline of life is too stringent, and who seeks his hazardous bread from the confusions incidental to every complicated society. In any case, a lonely and baffled figure, predestined to punishment, of whose pathos shrewd attorneys for the defense will know how to make the best when the time for the appeal "ad hominem" arrives.

Not only is this conception grossly untrue, but it

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is almost an inversion of the actual state of things as shown forth by statistics and collated and presented by Mr. Child in his rousing articles. So far is the professional of crime from being a lonely figure that he has become a unit in perhaps the most thoroughly organized body that has existed since the days of the Carbonari. So far is he from being predestined to eventual discovery and punishment that perhaps in no actual business are the chances of success greater. A recent article in the Nation disposed, once for all, of the superstition that his mentality is any lower than that of any average category of citizens engaged in active pursuits. The evidence collected by Mr. Child gives equally short shrift to any lingering idea that the organization that has grown up around him is one whit less highly developed, one whit less the concern of keen brains and keen noses than any industry sanctioned by law. Before he strikes his master stroke the ground has been surveyed and cleared for him; before he is taken the law must surmount obstacles as skilfully thrown in its way as the interference that clears the way for the star halfback on a college football eleven; if he is brought to book, a hundred agencies that range far beyond the sphere of what the uninitiated citizen would dream of calling criminal, come to his rescue. Leopardi, the sardonic philosopher of Recanati, once declared that in modern society he detected an unconscious freemasonry of complicity surrounding every rascal brought to heel. The agencies that surround the criminal new-style in America are far from being unconscious. But they are highly efficient, sleek, and suave, and half the work the new Commission will have to do will be to tear off their mask of respectability. What we are witnessing is no facile descent into Avernus, but the deliberate selection of crime as a vocation by a certain number of very intelligent and forceful men, for the most part young and with every alternative choice before them, and a perception, equally clear-sighted, on the part of their financial backers, that society has become vulnerable through its corruption. "The whole course of the wise law-breaker," says Mr. Child, "is away from breaking and entering and runs toward the outdoor activity of hold-ups, or the immense business of organized blackmail, which promises a tremendous and glowing future."

What does the "National Crime Commission" propose to do? Surely not educate the criminal! So far from being a mental laggard, his acumen and energy are probably far in advance of the average wage-earner's. He is simply a particularly noxious example of a category that has always existed, but which has only attained its present rank proportions, thanks to the portentous growth of our big cities and the unworthy complaisance of governments in all countries to operations having material gain as their goal. It is not even clear that any sharply dividing line could at this date be drawn through his enterprises which would leave law on one side, and its infractions on the other. Indeed, the laying out of a new and honest frontier would seem to be one of the first tasks confronting the new commission.

The case is different when we consider the education of the great mass of the people towards the criminal, overt or covert. The public may be educated or even stung into a new attitude of mind where he is concerned, that might eventually assume the proportions of a crusade, but only if due heed be taken of educational forces already only too well established. There is a certain school of literature, oratory and dramatic presentation which steadily fosters a sentimental impression that criminals cannot be held responsible for their actions in the measure that calls for full punishment by law; that passion is irresistible; that heredity and environments are all-powerful, and that the sanctions of morality are out-dated and unscientific. It is this school of thought, meretricious and soft in essence for all its pseudo-scientific envelope of glands and grandfathers, which is undermining free-will and independence of character, and threatening to shatter the ethical honesty of the nation. In scientific phrasing, it is the gelatinous "host" upon which the malignant organisms breed. Without it, their extirpation would be a comparatively easy matter.

Medical science has long recognized that the one safe and sure way to restore undermined health is to raise the powers of resistance to any germ of the body in general. It is this process no doubt which the commission has in mind when proposing to educate the public to a "sense of its duty regarding the prevention of crime." But their good intentions can only be doomed to disappointment if they do not take account of the importance of beginning the salutary process early. There is a stage in life when youthful mentality is little susceptible to the sort of social lessons commissions preach, but immensely susceptible to simple precepts of honesty and good conduct, conveyed in the homely and effective form of which religion has the secret. Three years ago Dr. Eliot, of Boston, uttered a warning to which the present public disquiet gives new force. "The failure of our public schools to turn out good citizens and good voters is conspicuous. We shall have to look it squarely in the face. First teach children their duty to parents, brothers and sisters. Children in the public schools are getting nothing of it at this moment. Many of them are getting nothing of it at home. Teach the meaning of loving their neighbors. Beyond that is the motive of putting into children's hearts the love of God."

In the final resort it becomes every day plainer that a proper understanding of what is the Old Adam and what the New, cannot be inaugurated by commissions or police. It is almost wholly the affair of the prophets —of those who proclaim the goals of human destiny and point out the roads toward them.

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE premature rejoicings in British commercial circles over the temporary armistice between miners and mine owners secured at the last moment by Premier Baldwin have not been long in turning to a feeling of consternation as the full significance of the agreement is realized. It is not so much the subvention accorded the owners in order that they may continue to pay the old scale of wages which fills the taxpayer of the "white collar" class with dismay, even though it adds eight cents in every pound to the burden he is shouldering, as the thought that an evil precedent has been set, capable of an extension which will make it hard to distinguish the new order in industry from socialism and state ownership. If anything could add to his misgivings it could be the unconcealed self-congratulation of the advanced parties, who are proclaiming that the outer defenses of private ownership have already fallen, and that all future offensives will have to be conducted from the yielded ground.

WHAT stands out as quite clear is that an era of expedients, more or less desperate, has been inaugurated in order to fill the hiatus that must elapse before the hoped-for improvement in British export trade restores the unstable equilibrium which existed in Britain before the war between labor and capital. Judged by their record in history, the prospects of any such forms of tribute or blackmail (they are nothing else) doing more than staving off an evil day, are not very bright. Sooner or later the question must be frankly faced, and every day it is put off ensures that the battle will be waged on more naked lines of class. On this point, it is probable that neither party is under any delusion. The contingency is darkly hinted at in a leading editorial by the New York Times, which invites the British government to provide itself with weapons of a penal order before the emergency "rears its head." Leaving the merits of the case aside, the mere fact that such advice can be tendered to a European nation by a leading organ in America is some measure of the economic distance we have traversed since the days of the founding fathers.

IT becomes increasingly obvious that various optimistic accounts of Mussolini and his party—accounts written, in some cases, by Catholics and published under Catholic auspices—were premature. The latest illiberal action of the Italian government is the expulsion of Mr. George Seldes, correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. Though he was not cast out bodily, he was removed from the scene by an invitation as pointed as it was final. Mr. Seldes may have been a little hasty. Possibly he lacked the good-natured shrewdness of those newspaper men who turn out copy with one eye closed. But he is right in maintaining that certain despatches critical of Fascism, on issues of peculiar interest to Holy Year pilgrims, were based on the Osservatore Romano, the official Vatican organ. There can no longer be any doubt that the Holy See is alarmed at the spread of violence among the Fascisti. Petty political persecution of their opponents has become as customary as the smoke of Vesuvius; murders in the name of government are frequent and officially masked; and the moderate parties are not only ruled out of court, but are gagged and hounded with something of the same efficiency that built up Leninism in Petrograd.

IT is refreshing to note that, from his retreat in London, Don Luigi Sturzo, the thoughtful priest who labored so hard and so brilliantly to develop the right sort of social consciousness in Italy, has laconically taken issue with certain enthusiasts who admire Fascism unboundedly because it curbed the Socialists. "It is said," he has declared in the Daily News, "that the Italian opposition parties are strong in words and weak in deeds. No: they are strong in ideas and weak in action, and they are weak in action because they wish to give no ground for reprisals, in order that reaction may not rage yet more furiously, and that the political disintegration of Fascism may be accomplished by ideal and moral forces, not by violence and revolution." It would be a strange thing indeed if the Catholic pulse in Italy were permanently to favor an automatic autocracy which has no idea of its indebtedness to other nations or of its proper place beside its neighbors; which has muzzled all forms of free speech and organization; and which is slowly stiffening into a death which, it

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is to be hoped will not be attended with the violent uprooting of public order usually incident upon the demise of such things as Fascism.

THE menace of the automobile is at last getting its share of attention. We trust that as a result definite remedial measures will be adopted, not merely in one city, but everywhere. Startling loss of life is reported not only in large, congested centres, but from country towns through which important highways pass. One rural section of a transcontinental road reports an average of one death a day; and the county of which Chicago is the centre is staggered by the fact that four hundred lives have been snuffed out in motor accidents during the first two hundred days of the year. Pitifully enough, most of the victims are little children. What can be done to alter this terrifying situation? Obviously advertising has little effect upon those who need proof that carefulness is a virtue. The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, meeting at Atlantic City under the direction of Mr. Hoover, proposed to frame measures that can be enacted into law. Its members favor standard tests to eliminate unfit drivers, and point to the success of Denmark, where rigid inspection by government officials has weeded out incompetent motorists and reduced the loss of life by one-half.

TESTS, after all, are purely theoretical matters, nor has much ever been accomplished in the United States by turning over a list of requirements to a group of officials. Far more interesting are the proposals drawn up in New York City by the Grand Jury which, under Judge McIntyre, has been investigating the causes of recent accidents. These proposals may be divided into three classes: heavier punishment for offenders against traffic regulations, more thorough inspection and education of drivers, and compulsory liability insurance. If the law will proceed to adopt such a program and enforce it, improvement may confidently be expected. Motor mortality as a menace to life, is rapidly attaining the seriousness of war. Unless checked, it will render the automobile much more a curse than a blessing.

WITH King Corn flourishing in a style and pomp unknown during recent lean years, the chronic sighs of the western farmer are giving way to delighted, prosperous and beaming grins. The fields—the immense, fertile, precious fields so well beloved by poets and husbandmen alike—are beautiful with rustling green that rises like a constant tide; and with it rise the hopes of people who have fought stubbornly against discouragement and bankruptcy during five seasons. Few of us realize the severity of the financial and social crisis through which American agriculture has passed since the war. Banks and pocketbooks were emptied with staggering speed; the depression piled up mortgages which pauperized the old folks and drove the boys off to town, where factories took them on during busy months and laid them off for the rest of the time, fostering a dangerous political mentality which expected and demanded of government some rubber-stamped recipe for the milennium. But the old saying, "Agriculture always comes back," is as dependable a dictum as any axiom. A year of flourishing fields proves that fears for the economic collapse of American farming are basically unfounded. We do not really need to subsidize the agrarian industry. What we do need—and more vitally with each succeeding season—is a liberalizing of the social environment in which the country citizen lives.

NATURALLY, the Catholic Church has always held the desirability of seeing all who profess Christianity united under one head, but the growth of practical effort in this direction has been one of the characteristics of recent years. Almost daily reports come of efforts of this sort. Recent dispatches tell of the establishment of study clubs in Paris, where French and Slav students get together to study the series of circumstances which brought about the successive separations of the Oriental and Greco-Byzantine churches from the Roman Church between the fifth and ninth centuries. In these clubs, too, are presented authoritative reports on the separated churches of Georgia, the Ukraine, Bulgaria and Russia, delivered by students from those countries. Pope Pius XI, who has always shown a deep personal interest in all reunion matters, has written a letter to the Abbot-Primate of the Benedictine Order requesting that he address his congregations, enlisting "their fervent prayer to God for this Unity and their coöperation in works which are calculated to bring about this Unity." In view of this it is but natural that at a recent private audience His Holiness should have assured the Rev. Augustine Count Galen, O.S.B., President of the Catholic Union, of his enthusiastic support, thanking American Catholics for their work in the reunion cause and asking especially their continued interest in the Russian Seminary in Rome where priests are being trained to carry on missionary work in Russia and the Near East.

IF the daily papers are to be trusted, something is necessary if religion, or even humanity, is to be saved in the unhappy land of the former Czars. Reports reach us telling of the butchery of eighteen persons, among them the distinguished Prince Nicholas Gallitzin, 76 years of age, who was the last Czarist Premier. These were all shot without trial, while some sixty others were deported or imprisoned—all solely because of a "suspicion" that they were trying to restore Czarism. The truth seems to be that some Russian refugees in France were endeavoring to raise

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a fund for the temporal relief of some of their stricken brethren, and the Soviet government decided upon this senseless massacre by way of protest. Even a world that has grown hardened to violence and bloodshed recoils with horror at such atrocities. It may be recalled that the Gallitzin family, which has supplied this latest victim of Red fury, is not unknown either to Catholicism or to America. It is nearly a century since an earlier Prince Gallitzin embraced Catholicism and was ordained to the Catholic priesthood in the United States. He labored as a zealous missionary in what were then the frontier regions of Pennsylvania. His sister too, Princess Elizabeth Gallitzin, became a convert and was the foundress of the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Loretto, Pennsylvania.

THE varied languages of the native Amerindians have always been a puzzle to philologists. The general opinion of anthropologists is that the races which populated the entire continent in pre-Columbian days, were all derived from Asia through the north-east passage, though in successive waves. Yet with the exception of the Eskimo tongue, which is probably a member of the family of Ural-Altaic speeches, no affinities were discoverable between the other languages and any extra-American dialect. M. Paul Rivet, of the Académie des Sciences et Belles Lettres, has recently brought forward evidence in favor of the thesis that the Hoka group of dialects extending along the Pacific coast from southern Oregon to Tehuantepec are in many respects similar to the Melaneso-Polynesian languages—further, that the Tson group, including the Patagonians and the Ona, exhibited affinities with the Australian languages, and most significant of all, that the words common to both areas are those which are also common to different and very highly differentiated Australian dialects. Of course, philological arguments in the past have many times been thrown into the discard, but the points here raised are highly interesting and to some extent supported by cranial evidence. After all, if the colonization of so distant an island as Easter could be effected from western Asia, as now seems to have been the case, there is no insuperable difficulty in believing in a still further extension to the shores of Pacific America.

THE theory that the moon was once part of the earth, advanced years ago by Sir George Darwin and others, has just been approached from a somewhat different angle by Dr. Rashdall of Cambridge, England. The earth is about five and a half times the weight of water, but the crust, with which of course we are alone acquainted, is not more than two and three-quarters times as heavy as water. From this it follows that the core must be very much heavier and various surmises have been made as to its composition. Probably this is a mixture of iron and nickel. Most meteorites are composed of this substance, and they seem to be the dèbris of broken down stars or minor heavenly bodies. Doubtless this core, too, is solid, for, though temperature increases as we get into the bowels of the earth, the points from which flows of lava originate are not more, it seems, than from five to ten miles deep, while hot springs are much shallower.

OF course the entire surface of the earth is not covered with this relatively light crust. There are the intervening oceans, and Wegener has declared that the lighter masses float—to use a metaphorical term —on the heavier sub-continental rocks. Rashdall asserts that a layer of the earth's crust some forty-one miles in thickness was torn off by the attraction of the sun at a time when the superficial portions of the planet were in a very plastic state. Once torn off, the effect of its own gravitational attraction would cause it to form into a ball, and the shock of the extraction, so to speak, would drag it out into the ether until stopped by the pull also of gravitation. What was left of the crust went to constitute the continents of today, though perhaps not as now arranged. Wegener, as is tolerably well-known, has asserted that Europe and Africa were once attached to the American Continent, the nose of N. E. Africa fitting neatly into the Gulf of Mexico. Further he believes that India and Australia were conjoined to the same mass, and that when these parts were disrupted the effect was to pile up the Andes on the one hand and the Himalayas on the other. If there had been a perfectly continuous crust, no such disruption, of course, could have been possible but, given the abstraction of so large a part to form the moon, the continents might well have been torn apart and assumed the relations with which we are familiar today.

IT would be hard to imagine a more callous instance of the exploitation of scandal for dollars and cents than the incident in London which has just come about owing to the attack upon Gladstone's personal character by a Captain Peter Wright in a book of Victorian biography, reported recently in the New York press. The British law, like the American, offers practically no redress to the heirs of a man whose memory has been attacked or slandered. Consequently, in branding the author of the statements as a "liar and coward," and challenging him to defend his own good name in court, the sons of the great English statesmen have taken the only course, short of personal violence, that lay within their competence. If anything could make the squalid affair worse, it is the author's answer to their proposal. With a cynicism that is almost unbelievable, he is reported as offering the aggrieved heirs a percentage on the increased sales which he looks forward to in consequence of their letter.

WHETHER the contretemps will result in legislation designed to draw the fangs of the biographer 'new-

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style' is rather problematical. The tendency of the writer of memoirs to fish in muddy waters, like the tendency of the psychologist to concern himself with the sub-conscious, is all part of the general salaciousness of the age in which we live. Such writers have the flair of the blow-fly or the jackal for carrion, and the art of communicating their relish to the sort of men and women who crowd court-rooms to their doors when some particularly unsavory case is being tried. They are unremitting pickers of secret drawers—indefatigable rummagers in the dirty-clothes baskets of history. Such things as Carlyle's "impotence," Charlotte Bronte's ill advised correspondence with her old French master, Thackeray's philanderings, the flatness and fatuousness of Florence Nightingale's dying years, fill them with undisguised thrills. And the reticence of the nineteenth century, the occasional inhumanity of what Augustine Birrell has called the school of "respectable biography," is offering them rich gleanings. This is the true reason for the contemporary vogue of the "Victorians."

ALTHOUGH scientists are not yet able to determine the final value of the discoveries of Dr. William Gye, or to outline with precision the romance of the microscope as it has been developed by Mr. Barnard, there is reason for believing that medicine's battle with the scourge of cancer has completed an important offensive. We can hardly suppose that the enthusiasm of all England would be aroused by a mere addition to the chimerae which have already appeared in large numbers. Yet there is something so mysteriously cruel, so bafflingly elusive, about this disease that extreme caution is in order. Cancer may be one of the prices we pay for the increased luxury and ease of existence—the toll of softened sinews and pampered organs. Meanwhile the fact remains that our interest in the scientific conquest of the evil is not by any means what it should be. The slow patience of the laboratories in which the virus is painstakingly isolated and studied seems alien from our habits of doing things quickly and dramatically. Yet possibly no venture of contemporary American science is worthier of praise and support: the work of the Institute of Cancer Research and similar foundations has been carried on with a devotedness which has gained the respect of the world.

NEITHER is the public sufficiently informed about what is being done to care for the victims, or anxious to make this care more adequate. The work of Mother Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is one of the signal services of our time; and there are hospitals equipped to handle a large number of cases efficiently. But as yet few cities are prepared to offer hospital room to sufferers who cannot pay lavishly for attendance. The fact that the disease often involves years of helpless suffering renders its appearance in a poor family—particularly when the bread-winner is stricken—a misfortune almost beyond endurance. One town in the Middle-West recently reported fifty cases of cancer, only one of which was being treated in a hospital, and over thirty of which had been found in homes where poverty rendered adequate treatment impossible. If, therefore, Dr. Gye has succeeded in finding a remedy, he will become known as one of the great benefactors of mankind.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

FOR years the question of the authenticity of the so-called "Casket Letters" in connection with the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, has been hotly debated, for on them depends the decision as to whether or not she was responsible for the murder of her husband Darnley. No one doubts that Elizabeth and her minister, the ancestor of the Cecils, both past-masters in the art of double dealing, were anxious to obtain evidence which would enable them to get rid of a person who stood much in their way. Most of the documents contained in the celebrated casket which were produced in the enquiry held by the commissioners, nominally into the guilt of the Regent, James Stuart, Earl of Murray, an illegitimate son of King James V of Scotland, afterwards assassinated, but really into the conduct of his wife Mary, have perished, and only copies are extant. But of the most important of all, what is claimed to be the original, and generally accepted as such, is still in existence in the British Museum.

This is a promised contract of marriage between Mary and Bothwell, to whom she promises "de n'avoir jamais autre espoulx et mary que luy . . . puis que Dieu a pris mon feu mary, Henry Stuart, dit Darnley, et que par ce moien je sois libre." It purports to be in her handwriting and to bear her signature "Marie R." It was accepted as genuine by Hume but chiefly on the a priori ground that it was consonant with Mary's character, and he challenges the statement made by Mary that it was a forgery, as well as that of her supporter Lesley, Bishop of Ross, who urged the same point. But it has been very clearly shown that Hume's treatment of Lesley's statement is nothing less than disingenuous. Froude took the same position as Hume, but then that is exactly what Froude would have done, and we need not be unduly troubled by his opinion on the matter.

Now for the first time the document has been examined by the leading expert on handwriting in England with the aid of all the tests that science has placed at his disposition, and his findings have recently been published in our contemporary Discovery. Mr. Mitchell, the expert in question, has compared the document, first of all, with writings acknowledged to be the genuine work of the Queen, and finds many dis-

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crepancies. Further he has compared them with the writing of Sir William Lethington of Maitland, once Mary's secretary, afterwards one of her accusers, who is believed to have ended his days by suicide.

Bishop Lesley, at the time, charged Lethington with having forged these documents, and Mr. Mitchell's investigations show that this is more than likely. The resemblances between his writing and the alleged contract are numerous, too numerous to be disposed of as mere coincidences. If this be so (and the reproductions of the photographs seem to bear out the contention), Mary neither wrote nor signed the contract but Lethington did, and from that it follows that the unfortunate Queen was unjustly convicted. Whether the Earl of Murray, or Cecil, or Elizabeth, or all three of them were privy to this plot we do not know and are never likely to know. That the first was, seems more than probable and that the other two were, is certainly quite in consonance with their characters. This at least may be said: all three were quite capable of that or any other act of treachery under the guise of statecraft.

FESTIVALS OF LABOR

"HOW the Saturnalia will return (as return they will) no one can say," Mr. Belloc speculates somewhere. Well, they have not altogether ceased, at least everywhere. By weaving them into the background of his great novel, has not Ladislas Reymont created what we may reverently term a kind of Catholic peasant mythology? Perhaps it would be better to say that he did not actually create it. The beautiful reality lay ready to his hand—the daily caress of saints and sacraments upon the lives of those who toil in Polish fields. The country-folk of The Peasants are never utterly poor or wretched, because they cherish multiform fragments from the great treasury of Divinity. We know that something similar was true of Homeric people. They had only the ancient twilight gods; but these were gracious deities—blue-eyed Athene and the gliding nymphs who bathed in every stream. Artistic imagination alone could not create this radiance: it was merely the preserving portrait which caught up for memory the transcendent popular actuality, and so made existence a joy of which no dreams could be wholly unconsoled.

And yet, Mr. Belloc is largely right. Most of the elaborate but homely ritual of living has been shelved. Where have they all gone, one wonders—the feasts of the soil which, to borrow a likeness from Reymont, scattered human benediction as a farmer scatters seed? It is true that significant ceremonials of the Church are still observed, among them the plaintive Rogation Days during which, in company with the Blessed, men ask that earth be made to give them bread. But as industrialism sinks ever deeper, the absence of mysticism from our social existence becomes more and more complete. The great modern festivals of society are held under strange new auspices. May-day in many lands is simply a wild morning of homage to the hoped-for outcome of an "inevitable conflict," and of sacrifice to the phantoms of tomorrow. Even Labor Day as we have it, the muster-day of toil, comes and goes without a spiritual sign. Is it because we do not care? Or because the work to be done is too great for us?

Walter Rathenau, before his death, returned constantly to one absorbing idea—culture for the laboring classes. By culture, he meant not so much night-school courses in Shakespeare or pilgrimages to art-galleries, as the idealism—the traditional idealism—which can set its stamp upon the poor. For the industrial tomorrow will be Socialistic and materialistic if the ikons of Lenin and Marx are enshrined in the public squares. It will be Christian if we chose to have it so. The first necessary step is to gain control of the symbols which matter to the masses—of the reasons which unite them socially and make them feel their part in the vast human scheme. There could, for instance, be no greater achievement than to make Labor Day a sunny pageant of principle and joy under the auspices of the Holy Name Society. That Name has a social significance for workers far beyond the magnetism of mere revolutionary men. Christ, it can never be forgotten, was a carpenter and so, a tradesman; He divided the Mystic Bread between twelve fishermen who formed His earliest brotherhood; and it was to the poor that He gave His gospel. If, for six days out of the year, these things could be made the theme of social celebration, there would be such a deepening of "culture for the laboring classes" that industrial idealism would be marked indelibly with the same sign that Christendom gave to the ancient freemen of the soil.

There is a lesson for us in something which occurred recently in France. The Union of Catholic ex-soldiers, marching to the tomb of the unknown dead in the heart of Paris, gathered for a ceremony and a testimony to their convictions. A monk who, though clad in his habit, was feeble, blind and maimed as a result of the awful sacrifice of battle, ignited the flame of a votive light. And round about, there arose the enthusiastic acclaim of a crowd which at first had been merely curious and, perhaps, contemptuous. The meaning of what was being done did not escape it. For indeed that paltry struggling lamp did enkindle faith. It meant that out of the silent cloister had come one who had borne the brunt of war, who looked a little more confidently into eternity because he had seen the transitoriness of this world. What a chance is ours for a similar gesture! To set upon the bastions of industrial war the fire of a Sacred Name—to raise a shout of holy hope in a crowd which, desolate and cynical, may sometime covet life with a disastrous greed.

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DARK WATERS STIRRING

By JOHN McHUGH STUART

DON'T laugh at the monkey trial in Dayton. It gave some of us a glimpse into deep, dark waters running strongly. Outwardly absurd it all may have been; Bryan's death may have given it a tragic turn; but the inauspicious auguries lie neither on the bucolic surface of the comic scene nor in the consequences that have so far followed.

There was Versailles, with all the things men were hoping for, having fought. There was Genoa, with all the things men were hoping for, having bargained. There was Belfast, with all the things men were hoping for—and still fighting. Some of these contacts with the hopes and passions of men in the mass are still vivid, even to a newspaper reporter. But of them all, and with due allowance for the refracting power of time, none reached more and deeper human passions, none touched more vital hopes, than Dayton.

The principal actors in these other scenes wore more impressive costumes and trod more dignified ways. But even the gold lace of diplomacy comes to look a little like tinsel; even the measured step of great soldiers holds a memory of the buskin. True, Clarence Darrow's galluses and Dudley Malone's irremovable coat and the palm leaf fan of the Great Commoner, even the prayer at the opening of court prescribed by the judge, were sheer theatricalisms. But they proved a thin disguise. And the thing they sought to cover was not objective drama. It was a bitter bit of life. In the final analysis it was a struggle to determine politically, and universally, the basis for the individual morality and thought of each man, woman and child in the state of Tennessee and, ultimately, in the nation.

The struggle pressed in about observers from the two extremes and it came close to home. On one side thrust Bryan and his hillmen, belaboring us with the bonds of a sometimes fine and rugged Protestantism. "The Word of God" was their club; its handle was, on the record, the King James version; off the record and by legitimate presumption, it was their reading of that version with which they sought by legislative enactment to compel us all. And if such compulsion can enter the schoolroom in such detail as it did in the case of John Thomas Scopes, it is a further legitimate presumption that it might compel us again in such widely diverse fields as playing at bridge whist and believing in anything but the votes of the coca cola belt as the final arbiter in matters of faith and morals. It has already demonstrated its power, when linked with belief in economic gain, to compel our taste in drink.

And from the other side, pricked Darrow and Malone and Arthur Hays, shouting in our ears the word of liberty, in whose name so many crimes have been committed. Constitutional guarantees and freedom of thought were their sword and buckler. Closer to modernity than Bryan's club, if that means anything, for these battling catch-words date from the eighteenth century and Bryan's from the fifteenth, they yet stirred in the observer between the lines a no less uncomfortable feeling. In the hands of Darrow, the agnostic, these weapons had been used to deny individual responsibility in the name of freedom of thought. Exposure of unformed and unguided minds to the doctrines of Nietzsche, he had argued in the Leopold-Loeb case, was justified because less harm came from the few who thus became followers of Nietzsche than would had come had none had the right to be thus exposed. Malone in open court proclaimed himself a believer in religion, but his bonds and loyalties were less clearly defined. Hays represented faithfully the American Civil Liberties Union and that sincere organization of gropers for truth has from time to time espoused causes so antisocial as to approach anarchism.

In short, there pressed upon us from one side a code of conduct, a rule of day-to-day life for each one of us so narrow and so confined to archaic forms, yet so deep-reaching, so rigid and yet so ill-founded, as to be intellectually repugnant. From the other side pressed no code at all.

No code at all, it may be said, at least allows us to build our own code. Yet here, too, arose a disquieting feature of this trial. Almost without exception the participants therein proved agreeable companions and trustworthy friends. Were I to be cast upon a desert island with Mr. Bryan and young Tom Stewart, the official prosecutor of Scopes, I should not fear that they, the majority, would impose upon me, the minority, a code of conduct which I could not accept and follow. And were the most rigid theocrat in history and I to be cast upon a desert island with Darrow or Malone or Hays, I am equally sure that they would none of them become such persons as the theocrat and I should deem it wise to restrain by a code of our own devising and enforcement. When the political sphere becomes narrow enough to coincide with the social sphere, all is generally well. Perhaps that is what was meant by the Garden of Eden.

But life is more complex than that. Perhaps it was just the growing complexity of life amidst the fullness of everything in the garden that brought Adam and Eve to lose the trusting touch with God which means friendship. That would be the Fall of Man. And men continue to fall as they lose trusting touch not only with God, but with their earthly rulers

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in the growing complexities of the modern social organism. Wasn't it Dean Swift who said something like—"If I know him how can I hate him?" Yet how many of those who must enter with us into the modern social organism can we know? On the first newspaper which gave me professional suckle there were no rules. The editor and a few others and I got the paper out—and it was a pretty good paper. But now, on a really great, not pretty good, metropolitan daily that is linked with a score through the whole country into one ownership organization . . . ?

No! Those evolutionists who say there need be no code at all speak a contradiction in terms. Man, so far as observation of past and present goes, has not evolved to higher things. He has got into more difficult, because more complex, modes of living. He has evolved codes to keep him and his brethren from devolving into chaos. The codes have evolved merely but necessarily to maintain the balance.

Of course, my friends on either side of this case will deny my description of it. On the one hand they will point to the record to show that the prosecution does not seek to compel me to abandon faith in the most highly expert psychological laboratory, with the longest accumulation of cases the world has ever known—to say nothing of its Divine inspiration—as my infallible guide in matters of faith and morals. On the other hand they will deny that they are supermen, free lovers, or contemners of the traffic rules on Fifth Avenue. But we are neither cast away in friendly intimacy on a desert island nor are we in the Garden of Eden.

We are in a world in which Versailles, Genoa and Belfast are not only possibilities, but facts. At Versailles, once weary of the inspiration of unselfish patriotism and the light of an altruistic international ideal, gentlemen in redingotes and uniforms dined together with impeccable manners and intrigued behind one another's backs like pickpockets. At Genoa, they haggled frankly like fishwives. And in Belfast, they fought their fratricidal strife with the hot fury and the cold cruelty of hell, swept by the illegitimate children of the very passions that the Dayton trial has fertilized.

Partisans on either side of the Dayton case will not stand still. As the division spreads from that desert isle—or Eden, as you will, passion will grow and precision, chivalry and manners will decrease. The fight will extend to the complex organization of strangers. The signs of this are already beginning to appear—and there seems little likelihood that the discussion can be limited to Dayton.

Henry L. Mencken got along very well with the yokelry he could meet and flash his intriguing smile upon. Those that hadn't seen him were all ready one night to ride him out of town on a rail after they had read his derisions of their hearths and their gods. "The tin-pot pope of the coca cola belt," he had called their champion and advocate, Bryan.

Just the other day in Washington that same Bryan was apotheosized by his followers. His immature if facile intellect had been thoroughly exposed by Darrow's keen and civilized sophistication. But the latest word I had from Tennessee was this: that while their faith in him was shaken by that bitter exposure, it was renewed and strengthened a thousand times by the moving symbolism of his tragic death.

"Dead?" said Luke Lea, a senator who knows the swings of public sentiment as a shoemaker knows his last, "he was never so much an influence in all his life."

"It's just simple American architecture," said one of the reporters as he surveyed the austerities of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church before the funeral in Washington the other day.

"Exactly," said the bearded elder who was showing us about, "simple and American!" and he added grimly, "That's how we try to keep it."

The cross of the Ku Klux Klan had an honored place by its pulpit the next day.

And even down in Dayton, the most cunning cruelties are being practised upon one George Rappelyea, the liberal from outside who helped frame the Scopes case as a test. He was welcomed as a participant in a free discussion at first. He was hailed as the maker of fat sums for the merchants of the town later. But just the other day every merchant to whom he owed a current bill sued him simultaneously. Rappelyea will not live long in Dayton.

"Oi'm not a religious man, an' Oi'll not go over there," said a white haired jarvey in Belfast one day when I had climbed on his outside "ca-ar" and asked to be driven to Ballymacarret. There had been burnings and killings in Ballymacarret the night before. "Religious man" is synonomous with blood-letting factionalist in that community. I asked a young priest of the Catholic Cathedral about it.

"Well," he said, "a drunken man and two drunken women were stumbling out of a burning house that belonged to one of our people over there last night. They had a framed picture between them, possible loot. 'What is it of?' one of the women screamed, and the man held it up for them to see. 'Hell! 'Tis little J——s, or some dom thing,' screamed the other and they stamped it under foot. That doesn't sound like good Protestantism to me—but it's what they call religion, on both sides, God help us!"

And yet, if the Scopes case comes to the Supreme Court of the United States, what will be the effect if that august body decides, as seemingly it may, that neither the state of Tennessee nor any other American government can establish the King James version of the Word of God as the basis of the law of the land? It will not be a blow at what Darrow called "Bryan's fool religion." It will be a blow at all religion.

It is the religion of that America which likes to

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think itself the successor of the Puritan fathers. It is the religion and the social structure already weakened by the defection of its intellectuals, the Menckens, the Sinclair Lewises and the Sherwood Andersons, who hurl at its head all their vigorously adolescent obcenities. Its influence, even among those who do not abuse it, is weakened by the dissension essential to its tenets of individualism. Yet it is the only religion of those millions whose norm of morality seems not to rise above a determination never to interfere with the women folk of a brother Mason. Even those unregenerate and unsophisticated ones whose only guide through gin and jazz and petting and narcotics and gunplay seems to be "anything you can get away with" perhaps cherish deep down in them some superstitious fear about the Bible. They see "In God We Trust" on the coin of the realm and they are impressed by the fact that the Chief Executive of the nation and the witness against them in the police court take oath upon the Holy Book.

It is little enough. But one trembles before what can hardly be interpreted but as an official denial of that little.

There is great consolation in such a crisis for those who cling to an older, truer, more tested faith. One would like to think that the crisis will open the door on that faith to those whom it has room to receive. It has room for the intellectual of Darrow's size and for the emotionalist of Bryan's power. It has room for the disciplinarian, Tom Stewart, and the poor, bewildered, blundering soul so in need of discipline that it attempts to carry out the mad meanderings of a Nietzsche. It cherishes jealously the man-made lamp of science and her sons are names great and true in the service of that lamp. Among her daughters there is even happy, useful room for those whom Doris Stevens would hail as sister feminists, women who do things without the aid of mere men, but with the help of God.

More important in this political juncture than all, it draws the line clearly, cleanly and without confusion between politics and religion. Two thousand years have taught it what its sons from Maryland thought they wrote into the Constitution of the United States: that man cannot be made good by laws that favor any one faith. She has her own way of making men good, if they will accept the way. Abuse from nearly every side of political question during hundreds of years is pretty good proof that that way is not the way of those who enacted Prohibition and seek to enact the Tennessee anti-evolution law.

One would like to think that this crisis would provide more than glowing confirmation of one's own faith. But Dayton gave some of us glimpses into deep, dark waters running strongly. They are the waters of ignorance and prejudice and passion. They are deeper and darker than the streams that flowed and underflowed at Versailles or Genoa. They run more strongly than the red tide of Belfast, because they run closer to home.

ORGANIZING COLLEGE MEN

By EDWARD S. DORE

THERE are about seventy-five Catholic colleges and universities in the United States for the education of men. The aggregate of the alumni of these institutions is estimated to be about two hundred and forty thousand. Despite the example set by the alumni associations of the non-Catholic colleges for men and for women and the more potent example of the International Catholic Alumnae Federation, there has been up to the present time no intercollegiate alumni association of the men's Catholic colleges and universities in the country. In February of this year, however, representatives of the following alumni associations met in New York for the purpose of founding a National Catholic Alumni body—Notre Dame University, Villanova College, Holy Cross College, Georgetown University, Fordham University, Mount Saint Mary's College, Boston College, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint John's College, Saint Francis College (Brooklyn) and Manhattan College. As a result of this meeting and subsequent conferences, the National Catholic Alumni Association was founded early in 1925. This new organization is formed for the purpose of furthering the educational, social, spiritual and intellectual ideals for the attainment of which our Catholic colleges and universities are founded and maintained. It aims to carry these ideals more actively into the post-graduate lives of our alumni by affording them a common agency through which they can unitedly do something to further those ideals.

The federation will attempt to utilize and organize the intellectual product of our men's colleges. At its meetings, conferences and conventions, for the first time in our country, alumni of divers Catholic colleges and universities will meet, to discuss the problems that are common to all their respective alumni associations, and to the colleges and universities they represent. Obviously, such conferences will afford broader opportunities, both for collegiate and alumni association growth and development, than any of the several alumni associations can themselves separately offer or afford.

If the federation achieves nothing else, it must, of necessity, have a beneficial effect on the organization of the respective alumni associations affiliated with it,

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and, by necessary result, on the colleges they represent. Organized alumni work for the college or university is of comparatively recent date anywhere in America. Prior to the opening of the twentieth century, not more than a handful of American colleges had an organized alumni association, a full time alumni secretary, or a staff of alumni workers. Since that period, there is scarcely a college, particularly among the secular colleges, that has not made definite efforts to organize its alumni office, so that some responsible person or persons were placed in charge of the important work of continuing contact with the graduate student and keeping alive and active his interest in his alma mater. In this respect, it must be confessed that our Catholic alumni associations have not, as a body, kept apace with the current progress in alumni work.

Undoubtedly, the Association of Alumni Secretaries has been a potent force making for the healthy growth of the alumni associations belonging to it. The problems in one alumni office are in reality common to all; yet the ways and means of meeting these problems, and, in some cases, even the concept of the desirability and necessity of meeting them, varied from zero to 100 percent of effectiveness. When, however, representatives of colleges affiliated with the Alumni Secretaries Association on the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae met at common conferences to discuss their affairs, the success of various associations and their methods for achieving that success were powerful influences urging the representatives of other colleges to arouse themselves and their associates and "to go and do likewise."

Many alumni associations exist only on paper. They scarcely function at all, either for their own association, their college, or any other object. Others are merely annual banqueting bodies. Still others have developed into active alumni organizations, with a permanent secretary, a staff of workers, an alumni employment bureau, an alumni magazine—in short, an effective means of keeping alive the contact with the graduate student and holding his interest in his college and its affairs.

Let the executives of our colleges and universities ponder the value to their own alumni association of frequent contact, through a national federation, with active, energetic, well-organized alumni units; of the constant interchange of ideas and methods; of the incentive, the emulation, the inspiration that such frequent contact will engender.

Can any alert and intelligent representative of an alumni organization attend national conferences and learn the ideas, the views, the trials and the success of other alumni associations and not go back to his own association and college filled with inspiration and aroused to a new sense of responsibility and activity? One may hazard, for example, the conjecture that college endowment, through insurance, is a topic that has not so much as been mentioned in many alumni associations. Yet, in others, it is beginning to be appraised as a great step forward in the solution of the financial problem of the American universities.

But the above suggests but one avenue of activity for our federation. One of its immediate purposes will be to attempt to foster the idea of higher education among the graduates of Catholic preparatory schools and high schools for boys. A recent survey made by the department of education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference of the Catholic schools of one of the most populous states in the union showed some significant facts. In every 100 Catholic school children, seven reached the eighth grade. In every 1,000 Catholic school children, eight reached the fourth year of high school. In every 10,000 Catholic school children, twelve graduated from college.

It cannot be assumed that the alumni of our colleges and universities can be indifferent to so startling and deplorable a condition. Among the 9,988 Catholic school children who failed to get a college education, there were many able minds, many boys of unusual capacity, who could have profited to the full extent of the value of the cultural training of a college. They failed to do so. Their opportunity is gone forever, and with its loss the Church and the nation have suffered an appalling wastage of intellectual resource.

Recently Father James Burns, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame University, in speaking of the problem of our American colleges and universities, said—

> Our solution of this problem of student scholarship would be rendered easier if we could attract the brighter Catholic boys from the high schools in increased number. Many such boys are drawn to non-Catholic institutions by the offer of scholarships or equivalent advantages. Many others are unable to go to college at all. There is an ever-growing number of Catholic parents who have the ambition to give their children a college education, but who cannot afford the entire cost. Talented minds are very numerous among boys of this class. Their presence in the college would strengthen immeasurably the spirit of study and scholarship. How shall we deal with the situation?

However it is dealt with, it is obviously too broad a problem for any single college or any single alumni association to cope with. It may be hoped that in course of time, as the National Catholic Alumni Federation grows in members and in prestige, it may help to solve it.

Receptions are planned under the auspices of the federation to be held at various centres, to which graduates of Catholic high schools and preparatory schools in the vicinity will be invited to meet representative alumni. The various departments of the federation will endeavor to arouse and maintain an active and practical interest of all the members in the progress and problems of higher Catholic education in the country. Such interest of trained men, once fully aroused, must result in practical and successful efforts to prevent some of the loss of our intellectual re-

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sources that the failure of so many students to receive a higher training necessarily entails.

In addition to the projects above mentioned, the federation will, from time to time, lend its active interests and the interest of its members to movements of a public nature affecting the welfare of education in the various states; at the larger centres throughout the country, it will endeavor to hold a public meeting each year to which the general public will be invited, and at which lectures, debates, addresses or conferences will be held that will tend to further the spiritual and intellectual ideals of our colleges. Finally, the federation, through its representatives, will maintain an alert interest in state and national legislation affecting the interests of education.

Obviously, a federation embracing many alumni associations and representatives from every part of the country will receive more attention and be more effective for good, than any single isolated alumni association. By lifting a common standard of ideals and achievement to which all may rally, the federation will strengthen its individual alumni units as its influence grows, and may well contribute to the progress and welfare of higher Catholic education in the United States.

Our Catholic colleges are the direct heirs of that tradition of culture which is indeed the tradition of our whole western civilization, and that reposes on the two-fold foundation of classical antiquity and the world-wide culture of the Faith, with its rich product of civilizing and humanizing influences. In one sense indeed, all our American colleges inherit that tradition and derive from the same source.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, in April, 1925, transmitted on behalf of Columbia University, a letter of greeting to the University of Pavia, Italy, on the occasion of the eleven-hundredth anniversary of that ancient seat of learning. Pavia, dating from 825 A. D., and Salerno and Bologna, are among the oldest universities in Europe, whose founding, as the Columbia Alumni News recently said, "entitled Italy to a preëminence in the establishing of the university system in the western world." Dr. Butler's letter, and his recognition of the centuries of scholarship, garnered in the ancient University of Pavia, is but one recognition of the broader truth that the whole university system of western civilization derives directly from the great Catholic foundations of the middle-ages, and indeed, in the case of Pavia, of the period even preceding the middle-ages. The curricula and the traditions of the great Catholic universities of Europe's ages of faith—of Pavia, Bologna, Paris, Cambridge, Oxford, and the rest—are the seminal sources of all our American colleges and universities. But in an especial sense, our own Catholic institutions of learning are the direct heirs, and, in its fullest sense, the sole conservators of that high tradition of culture, scholarship and faith. They have, too, the wonderfully unifying influence of the Faith itself.

The very concept of the word "college," from its derivation, connotes a gathering, a collecting together, a unifying for intellectual, spiritual and cultural ends. Unfortunately in the past the commencement day might be termed a "dispersion;" for then several units scatter, often never to gather again for any common end or purpose.

The first convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation will be held in New York, on November 6, 7 and 8, 1925. The call for the convention has already been issued to the seventy-five Catholic colleges and universities for men in the United States.

Those who have been active in founding the National Catholic Alumni Federation owe much to the inspiration, the ideals, the organization and the achievement of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae which blazed a trail of achievement years before a similar organization was attempted.

CASUALS OF THE WORKING WORLD

By CAROLINE E. MACGILL

THIS might have been called: Shall the married woman work?—a favorite topic a generation ago among the best circles of our faithful alarmists. The ready answer then obviously was—"Yes, unless she marries a man able to afford servants." Married women have always worked, and hard at that. They have even very many times done work for pay, "gainfully employed," as the census puts it, for time out of mind. As a domestic employer of labor, I do not recall one among the numerous day-women, laundresses, extra help of various sorts, who was not a married woman. Today, I went for luncheon to a large and popular restaurant of my city. Among the waitresses there, probably three-fourths are married women who work for four or five hours in the middle of the day, at a time when they presumably have little to call them elsewhere. The married woman, as a class is undoubtedly generally a worker. It is sometimes said that she lowers the wage of her unmarried sister, who is presumably more dependent than she upon the day's earnings, though of that I shall have more to say later.

However that may or may not be, the facts of economic life often make a niche which, for the best interests of employer and public, demands the worker who can fit in to short hours, at the times of peak loads, easily put on or off as the need may arise. There

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cannot be a close standardization in these matters. Yet such are not the workers who arouse the reflections here presented. These are nearly as old as labor itself.

Of late I have been thrown, on their domestic side, into close contact with a group of young women who have interested me greatly. In occupation they are for the most part office-women, with a scattering of beauty experts of the better type. All but two are married, though not all confess to the fact upon the rolls of their employers, since there is still a sprinkling of men who are so old-fashioned as not to wish to employ a married woman. Most of the husbands are earning excellent salaries, and the average of dress among the group is decidedly high, fur coats and silk stockings being almost in the status of uniforms. Most of the pairs do something which they call "keeping house."

Now, it so happens that I was for several years compelled by circumstances and an unfortunately New Englandish conscience to be at the same time housekeeper (without a servant) and wage-earner. Therefore, I have a very clear idea what it means to be a two-job woman, although my seven-room establishment was on a larger scale than the one- or two-room suites which content these young adventurers. Personally, unless confronted by the same exigent circumstances, I should never choose the task. It had certain durable satisfactions, but it also had an immense amount of fatigue attached to it.

To run over some of these couples: Ada is a well-paid machine bookkeeper, her husband a superior salesman, with a salary considerably above that upon which my father maintained a comfortable home and sent his children through college and professional school. She not only keeps house in a small way, but does all the washing for herself and her husband, on holidays or Sundays. She sighs at times for a cosy apartment, and says she envies my small nephew's mother. Between the two of them, they are making nearly five thousand dollars a year. So far as anyone can see, there is no earthly reason why she should not have a cosy home if she really wanted it.

Mae is a beauty expert, her husband an advertising solicitor. I have no idea what their joint earnings may be. They keep house in one room, and Mae's ideas of housekeeping are obviously not the result either of experience or faculty. A task which Ada whisks out of the way in an hour keeps Mae up until nearly midnight. Mae's great desire is to return to the small Maine town from whence she came, and open a beauty parlor there, for the transmogrification of the natives. It is clear that in her own eyes she is not at all a casual, but a permanent member of the working world.

Edna is a clerk in an office, not so well-paid, I fancy, and her husband is a salesman for a lyceum bureau. She always passes under her maiden name, yet I suspect her employer knows the facts. Although her standard of truthfulness seems low, she is the only one whom I really believe, when she says she would like a real home. There is a faint blush in her cheeks which does honest credit to her womanhood. And her rather large room is really homelike.

Lillian is unmarried, and with Maud and Nellie, does a sort of housekeeping. All three maintain that they are keeping a sharp lookout for a husband, but he must have plenty of money. Nellie, a very young divorcee, passes for chaperone!

A last case, which has an interesting angle to it, is that of Belle, a highly skilled stenographer. She married, after a tempestuous and brief courtship, a young man recently returned from France, with the wings of an aviator upon his manly bosom. He had interrupted a college course to enlist, and after the wedding he resumed it. Belle kept on in her job. She gave him money, all the way through, although his father was supposed to be paying his expenses. After his graduation, he came to my city to find work, while his wife stayed behind. Instead he loafed around at the home of a relative, and played tennis, sending to his wife for funds, as his gave out. By October, she seems to have guessed what was up, for she resigned from her place and followed him to the city. He did not like it, and was inclined to be surly, but Belle was firm. She quickly found a place for herself, and issued her ultimatum. She would pay for the room they had until he was at work, but not one cent would she give him for food! Needless to say, he found a job, although for a week, I hear, he lived on crackers and hope.

Two months later, she issued another ultimatum. He was to pay his share of the living expenses, half and half, and begin to repay the amounts she had loaned him. Otherwise—there were at least two wealthy business men back home who would come to heel at the news of a divorce. Her husband believed she told the truth, as I presume she did. He put his excellent mind and natural abilities into his work, and now is earning a fine salary, has paid her back to the last sou, and is as devoted a husband as you could wish. She finds the care of such housekeeping as they do a light matter, for she is seemingly very strong, but she has no desire whatever, so far as one can judge, for anything different. She sometimes says, airily, that if she could find a man who could give her $10,000 a year for pin money, she would divorce her present mate at once. Which may be true, and may be her idea of keeping him on his toes.

I might go on through others, but these suffice. Not one is dependent upon her job for her support, but that fact apparently results in raising wages, not lowering them, for each is so independent that she can say to her employer—"Raise my pay or I quit," and rather than break in a new worker, he does. Moreover, apparently each is unusually capable. And there

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you are. Of the whole group, only Edna appears likely ever to settle down and make any effort at having a family. Not one ever pretends to go to church. They patronize the movies, the amusement beaches, the public dances, tennis courts, etc. The number of them has a distinct effect upon the life of the city. Their demand for one- and two-room apartments is never satisfied. They are frankly resentful of neighbors with babies, and make vigorous protests to landlords. They can be charged higher rents because their joint incomes are high, and so landlords cater to them. Yet they rarely pay income taxes, and of course none other. They are a shifting class, and rents are generally on weekly bases, not monthly. Few ever become voters. It so happens that a good many are not citizens, either, though probably few know that. As a purchasing public, they patronize the delicatessens, the chain stores, the luxury counters, the beauty parlors. Culturally, their interests are nil, unless a class in commercial French or Spanish may attract them. They tire of almost anything, even radio. From their own accounts, not one of them trusts or is trustworthy as a friend; they will tell the most atrociously embroidered tales of amorous adventure about each other, and frankly try to "vamp" each other's husbands.

As workers, not one save the little beauty expert has any basis for advancement, and she would seem too light a weight even for her volatile business. What is going to happen to them twenty years from now? When they are being ousted, inevitably, by the younger, more adaptable, more up-to-date workers? Supposing they lose their attraction for their husbands? The basis, youth and physical good looks, is most ephemeral. Will there always be other admirers available? It seems a chancy proposition.

Will they attempt some sort of domesticity? It is doubtful, and yet more doubtful that they could succeed. Homemaking, being somewhat more than housekeeping, and partaking in a very real and large measure of the nature of the matrimonial sacrament itself, is a thing which must be learned by practice from the beginning. Moreover, it requires at least the desire for fruition. It cannot adequately remain forever at the beginnings.

Of course, someone says, none of these are Catholics. No, none that I have described. But there are Catholic girls in the group, and they are being drawn in, by the mere fact of contiguous employment. And I have seen already the deterioration of at least two girls, even in one case to the surrender of Mass. Others are showing the effects, in varying degree.

As a phase of the life of the time, without question it is gravely dangerous. But I cannot help thinking that the acute danger is to the women themselves. I do not wonder that they bandy the idea of suicide so lightly, nor that indeed there are so many suicides from similar ranks. Sometimes I wonder there are not more. For when the day of reckoning comes, it must come with a peculiarly poignant despair, a despair for which there is no mitigation, and rarely a background of childish faith to hold out a ray of hope. They have sold their birthright of womanhood, and have not even a mess of pottage to show for it.

THE WINE AND THE BUSH

By RONALD A. KNOX

IT WAS only the other day that we in England woke up to the fact that there was such a thing as the professional advertising man, but it would be unreasonable, surely, to dispute his right to exist. We live in an age of specialization; it is our modern maxim that if you want a thing well done you should get somebody else to do it for you. What is a schoolmaster, after all? Only a man hired by a boy's parent to act as a sort of specialized parent towards the boy; a man who can answer him when his questions become too intelligent for his mother, or beat him when he is getting rather too large for his father to collar conveniently. What is an attorney? Only a man whom we call in because he knows the legal ropes better than we do. Life is too short and too crowded, today, for the same man to invent motor cars and at the same time invent reasons why people should buy them. Nor, if some advertisements tend to overstate the merits of the wares they celebrate, ought we on that account to ostracise the advertiser socially; we do not ostracise the lawyer when a jury decides that he has been palliating a theft or condoning a murder. The advertiser, like the pleader in courts, is simply an expert in the art of persuasion.

To dismiss his activities as essentially modern and therefore essentially vulgar, is unfair. No doubt they are vulgar in some of his modern developments; "we have gooseflesh" and his printing-press is to blame for that, as for so much else. But the idea of advertising is obviously a logical consequence of competitive trading, and was present, for good or ill, in the street signs of the middle-ages. Somebody one day hung up a scroll on his shop front to say that his portcullises were the best, and naturally the rival portcullicians could not be expected to stand that. They must have a still more elaborate scroll—"Buy Master John's portcullises and defy the robber baron." And so the art evolved into fresh stages of subtlety, till at last you arrived at something like this—"Has your wife the afternoon headache habit? There's no doubt

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these afternoon calls do take it out of her"—and so on, till just as you think you are to hear about the daily dose of elixir, you find it is a good strong portcullis that is being recommended to you after all. Advertising there must have been, in merry England as in gloomy Ingeland; and doubtless the vintner who first drew a picture of five pairs of legs, with the caption—"Five Malmsey sacks, please," made a mint of money.

I say advertising begins with competitive trade, and presumably it would cease if competitive trade ceased. Those political thinkers who look forward to a Utopia in which the state will be the sole capitalist would claim, no doubt, that in this glorious future advertising will be done away with. And, indeed, it seems reasonable to suppose that the communal bacon would not need to recommend itself by any arts of publicity, any more than the government postage-stamp today. It may be so; personally, I should feel no surprise if I found a subway car tomorrow plastered with the words "Send Your Letters By Mail," so strangely has the itch for publicity affected even our public services. But, whatever is due to happen in Utopia (may I not be there to see it), I believe it is false economics to imagine that modern advertisement is simply competitive in its inspiration. The thing is more subtle than that.

You pass by contiguous sign-boards, which draw your attention simultaneously to the rival merits of Smith's garters and Jones's garters. Smith has given you an elaborate diagram of his merchandise, with little arrows pointing in various directions to show how they take the strain, and a large hand indicating the special, patent clip which only Smith knows how to manufacture. Jones has done the thing on broader lines; he gives you a picture of a garden-party, at which all the wearers of Jones's garters are registering comfort, self-possession, the cultivated smile that marks the man of the world. Wear Jones's garters (that is the moral) and feel at your ease. Looking upon those pictures, the uninstructed layman imagines that Smith and Jones alike endured sleepless nights in thinking out these ruses for capturing each other's garter market. They are wrong, of course, in that; both pictures were turned out by the same firm of advertisers.

But, worse than that, a city friend who is really in the know assures you that about five years since the rival firms of Smith and Jones amalgamated, so that there is really no competition in the matter at all. And at that, the uninstructed begins to despair of our modern sanity altogether. Bad enough, that money should be spent in mere competition; that Smith and Jones should both be disfiguring the suburbs with announcements of garter-joy, although if both stopped advertising both would be exactly where they are. But that Smith and Jones should actually be the same person, yet both clamoring for our custom—what is the meaning of it?

The meaning of it is that modern advertising is no longer competitive. The advertiser, as we saw, is an expert in the art of persuasion; and his mission is no longer (as formerly) to convince you that it is Smith's garters for you rather than Jones's. He wants to convince you that you need garters. He can penetrate to your very shinbone, and can see all the knots and the safety-pins and the pieces of string and bootlace that are, for the moment, holding together the garters you bought six years ago. Every morning you say to yourself—"I really must get a new pair of garters;" every day you pass the haberdasher's, and indolence, meanness, or the consciousness of unpaid bills makes you turn away. Then comes the ordeal of the sign-board, where Jones and Smith unite to blazon abroad the secrets of your wardrobe in six-inch letters. Sooner or later, the advertiser knows, your nerve will break down under this repeated suggestion, until you stand meekly at the counter, ordering Smith's garters or Jones's garters—it matters not which.

That, then, is modern advertising; it exists to create or to stimulate the consciousness of a real or imaginary need. That is why Truth in Advertising is a perfectly serious slogan; the advertiser does not want to claim for his wares merits which they do not possess; he wants to remind you of a need you have forgotten, or convince you of a need you are attempting to disguise from yourself. That is why the advertisers are continually asking why religion does not go in for more publicity. For if there is a need of which the ordinary man has to be reminded, if there is a need which the ordinary man is forever attempting to disguise from himself, it is the need for a religious orientation of his life. And (say the advertisers) if you religious people have got hold of a good thing, why don't you try to boom it? It is useless to retort that advertisement is foreign to the whole spirit of idealism. Who was ever such an advertiser as your knight-errant, who went round proclaiming his lady's right to be regarded as the fairest lady in the world? No, the reason most religions do not advertise more, and more efficaciously, is that they are wholly uncertain about the content of their own message. Their theology is so hopelessly tied up that they do not know what goods it is they are trying to deliver.

Meanwhile, the curse of advertising (for there is a curse of advertising) is that it helps the small shopkeeper and the small manufacturer to disappear; handicapped already by want of capital, he is still further handicapped by want of funds to advertise with. So he goes under. But then, advertisement is only one of the causes which make for this regrettable disappearance. Sooner or later we must all knuckle under before the field-marshals of industry.

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POEMS OF URUGUAY

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

The Lunatic Festival

The savage night afar is singing
Ventriloquisms of the Congo;
To its resonant diphthong go
The savage gutturals it is singing.
The moon upon her journey winging—
Astrological sun-flower,
Changing from the winding-tower
Of proverbial oracles,
Grips the sea with tentacles
Hypnotized by solar power.

'Mid his vagaries of blue
Rodenbach in dusk is dreaming,
And the fountain jet is streaming,
Frivolous and quaint to view;
There, serene and soft of hue,
Sits the household chatelaine,
Pale as some enamelled pane
Underneath her linen fine,
Binding up the flaxen twine
In a dreamy silken skein.

In a mirror introspective
Through abstraction do I gaze,
Studying myself and ways
In its concave introspective:
On its surface the objective
Shows a stroke of tragic-comic,
And across its sky atomic,
On vacuity's broad page,
Spreads a blotter to assuage
Bursts of music astronomic.

With a sleepless old neuralgia
One! the yawning clock doth mark;
Moonlight through a German park
Suffers with a white neuralgia:
Moans the pine with its nostalgia
Like the archpriest's Latin prayer;
And the windmill mutters there,
As some balmy dragon-fly,
Fixed beneath a pin to ply
'Gainst the heaven's casement bare.

A leitmotif more than human
Shakes the marsh from end to end:
Madhouse hand-organs would tend
A carrousel that's more than human.
The infinite on man and woman
Dumps his dread interrogation—
A suicide in desperation,
Upon the outer milky-way—
A golden carbuncle astray—
A spider-web, a meteor's station.

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG.

Elegies of Sweetness

Out on the road today amid the noon
My silent tears look back the path of yore,
And far away thy voice, as with death's croon,
Sends to my ear a sad, sweet "Nevermore!"
So sad that I have known a tearful swoon
To feel thee lost so nothing can restore:
No tears there are to wet death's lips atune,
O sister souls, watch not the path of yore!

The past is gathered tight within its shroud:
The autumn sweeps its golden leaves a-cloud:
With newer saps the old tree's branches start.
Night is the dismal road that dawnings take:
Heark'ning the leaves from off the branches shake,
Let us with other blooms bespeak the heart.

* * *

Poor tears of mine that idly take their flow
Unto the sombre marsh of mystery,
Though never a flower's scarlet cup consoles
My dolorous lips in all their burning thirst:
Poor heart of mine, that drips its blood away
In silent clepsydra of tragedy,
With never a miracle of wordless balm
From the assuaging that thy fingers bear;
Poor soul of mine, thou shivering outcast crouched
Beneath the ruined gates of memory.
Yearning unto the past to turn again,
May time give back to thee a vanished day.

DELMIRA AGUSTINI.

Tears Against the Moon

Tears on my pillow—who has wept
Here while my worn eyes slept?
Tears—many tears—within what ghost-world shed—
For what persistent dead?
By day my lids have opened, dried
And wise with that old grief that died;
Tears on my pillow—ah, what lovely face
Has visited my sleeping-place!
What lovely voice has said
Ineffable canticles of the dead?
What soft reproaches spoken
For love-troths broken?
What sweet confession made
Of heart-desires delayed?
What long adieux sighed o'er and o'er?
My mind recalls no more.
Tears on my pillow—witnesses in vain
Of half-remembered pain!
Her vision draws away unto eternal day,
Leaving the noon for my content
But holding a lament
To slake the moon and stars of our commune,
Tears on my pillow—tears against the moon.

DELMIRA AGUSTINI.

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BOOKS

Two Plays: Juno and the Paycock, and The Shadow of a Gunman, by Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

MRS. BOYLE, the Juno of the play, is replying to her lout of a husband's suggestion that they and their cronies, enjoying whiskey and song in a Dublin tenement, needn't mind the tragedies of war, ambush and reprisal going on all about them.

"I'd like to know," she says, "how a body's not to mind these things; look at the way they're afther leavin' the people in this very house. Hasn't the whole house, nearly, been massacreed? There's young Mrs. Dougherty's husband with his leg off; Mrs. Travers that had her son blew up be a mine in Inchegeela; Mrs. Mannin' that lost wan of her sons in an ambush a few weeks ago, an' now, poor Mrs. Tancred's only child gone West with his body made a collandher of. Sure, if it's not our business, I don't know whose business it is." And so here is the drama of the dark days, the dark deeds and sufferings of Ireland from 1916 to 1923, from the standpoint of the Dublin tenement-dwellers, whose business it all very much was. Seldom has an epoch been put so promptly on the stage. As the years recede, the story of the fight for liberty, and the even grimmer story of the ghastly civil war, will yield themes to other dramatists who, rightly enough, will dress them forth in the high herioc mood. But it is probable that the clammy hands of sentimentality will never fashion a sugary melodrama in the old romantic vein out of the incidents of these years; the merciless, mordant, irrefutable realism of Sean O'Casey has rendered that impossible, and the gale of his sardonic irony blows fiercely enough to warn all painted and hollow puppets off the stage. It is no wonder this play instantly brought Dublin to the feet of a new and unknown dramatist. It is more than a mirror held up to nature. It is nature itself—human nature, so living and quick that Dublin must have forgotten proscenium and footlights as it watched; while only those unfortunate enough never to have known simple Irish folk, and so limited in experience as never to have moved among tenement-dwellers in the dank gloom of poverty, can fail to feel, as they read the mere printed words, that they are actually living in the two squalid rooms of the Boyles, with the swaggering "Paycock," the patient, tragic Juno, the aspiring, helmless Mary, the haunted Johnny, and the fawning, drunken, thieving Joxer. It is Sean O'Casey's distinction as a dramatist that he has successfully dared to move to his awful climax of tragedy through scenes of roaring farce. For the farce is as true as the tragedy. It would have been easy to develop this theme in an Ibsenish atmosphere of sombre solemnity, but the truth of life would have gone out of it. The heroisms and the crimes and the terrors of that awful birth from which present-day Ireland has come, were very largely the doing of just such boys as Johnny—daring, crude, finally bewildered and stricken down—who came from just such homes, with sodden, drunken, lazy fathers, like Jack Boyle, holding all down to a level of whiskey-and-porter-soaked poverty.

Jack Boyle, "the Paycock," is a tremendous figure. In his youth doubtless a sturdy worker, under the crushing weight of labor and years he has saturated himself with drink till all he desires is the long somnolence of loafing in a "snug," spending has last "make" with a wily parasite who flatters him and insults him alternately. A vast pagan figure of a man, lying about his adventures at sea; falling victim to pains in his legs whenever a job threatens; scorning the church and deriding the clergy one day, and defending them the next; swaggering in gaudy, vulgar exuberance when he thinks he is coming into an inheritance; and at last finding forgetfulness of the dishonor of his daughter, the murder of his son and the martyrdom of his wife in a drunken stupor on the bare floor of the room from which the installment-house men have removed the last stick of furniture. Joxer Daly, too, with his ever-ready proverb, his snatches of poetry, his flattery and lies and petty thefts, is a masterly bit out of life.

Under their drunken, unheeding eyes their women suffer, and the savageries of reprisal let loose on Ireland reduce the soldier son to a cowering wretch shrieking for pity as he is dragged forth to death. The ancient faith of Ireland flickers among these people as dimly as the little lights before the statues of the Virgin and Saint Anthony that hang on their walls; only in the crushed heart of Mrs. Boyle it remains unquenched; and with a verbal unorthodoxy that puts a shining truth blunderingly, but sublimely, she sums it all up in these terrible words—"Ah, what can God do agen the stupidity o' men!"

The Shadow of a Gunman is a slighter play, but equally veracious, equally grim. Seumas Shields, the pedlar who knows his classics and doesn't wash because—"I gave meself a great rub yesterday;" Davoren, the poet trying to dream Shelley's dreams in a noisy tenement with the bullets whistling in street and alley—Maguire, going gaily to his death—and poor little Minnie, falling between the fire of the Black and Tans and the Irish Republican Army with "Up the Republic!" on her lips—all are very real Irish, very pitiably real human flotsam on the great tide of tragedy and passion. Here O'Casey is a patriot, for the point of his scorn is leveled against the weakling poet and the dirty old pedlar-scholar who boasts that he did his bit for Ireland—when it was safe—but thinks only of saving his skin.

That very notable phenomenon of modern literature, the Irish drama, has traveled a long and curious path in the last thirty years. Never may the "all-too-tenuous" poetry of the early plays, notably of Yeats, cease to thrill us. But misty beauty could not be all. There came Synge and with him irony, but it was still poetry. Once Synge was mistaken for realism, but in the light of Sean O'Casey the idea seems ludicrous. Murray and Robinson and others have come, bringing realism nearer and nearer; but with Sean O'Casey realism arrives in the Irish drama, and arrives with all the shock of salt spray suddenly dashed in the face on a calm and sunny day. Yes, this is the needed salt in the otherwise too sweet banquet of Irish drama, and fortunate it is that it comes from the hand of so powerful an artist as Sean O'Casey, in whom divine pity attends grim irony, as a handmaiden.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Everlasting Life, by W. W. Keen. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott and Company.

THERE is an old saw that "where there are three physicians there are two atheists." There is no doubt at all that during the past generation this formula has been exemplified to an extent rather saddening for those who believe that religious faith is not only a personal consolation, but also a distinct help in such relations as the physician must necessarily have with his patients.

This would seem to account for Dr. Keen's little volume better than anything else. For many years Dr. Keen was a professor of anatomy, and then by a sort of natural promotion,

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common in the old days, he became a professor of surgery and one of the most distinguished surgeons in the country—always occupied, not alone with the practical clinical problems of medicine, but the scientific problems of anatomy as well.

It is easy to understand that the little volume in which he proclaims his profound belief in immortality has deservedly attracted wide attention. In it he discusses the wonders of the human body which have impressed him with "the reality of the presence of God in every day of our lives," until he feels that he is compelled to say—"'Truly 'in Him we live and move and have our being.'" As the result of the intellectual conviction produced by this consciousness, it is not only not difficult for him to believe in immortality, but it would be almost impossible for him to think that life should cease with us as it does with the animals. He feels that life which can attain to such relations with the Divine cannot end with death, but continues into the other world, destined to be reunited with those who were loved here; and "this assurance of immortality and of these precious reunions is an ever present joy to my soul."

A great many people may think that Dr. Keen is unusual in this very strong living faith, but as a matter of fact, most of our great founders in modern medicine have been devout believers. Morgagni, whom Virchow greeted as the father of modern pathology; Laënnec, who taught us more about the diseases of the lungs than all others put together; Theodor Schwann, father of the cell doctrine; Claude Bernard, to whom we owe the foundation of our knowledge of glands (the most interesting subject of the present day), Pasteur, who saved more lives than any other man who ever lived, and whose beneficial work for humanity is only just beginning—all were devout believers and practical followers of religion. These happen to have been Catholics; but Graves and Stokes, whose names are forever enshrined in the medical annals of our English-speaking countries, were deeply devoted to their own form of religion. It is not surprising that their minds rested confidently where such men as Faraday, Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin, colleagues in the physical sciences, found satisfaction.

In our own country, some of our greatest physicians and surgeons have, in the maturity of their intellectual powers, turned to the Catholic Church for their answer to the doubts about the mystery of things around us. Such men as Professor Dwight, for twenty-five years Parkman professor of anatomy at Harvard; Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, who did such fine work in women's diseases that his fame was world-wide; Dr. William H. Van Buren and Dr. Edward L. Keyes, the distinguished surgeons of New York; Dr. Horatio Storer of Boston, and others, found their solution of the mystery of life and its meaning in the Catholic Church.

Great original scientists and physicians, who have made definite advances across the boundary of the unknown by their own efforts, realize how difficult is progress in knowledge, and turn with confidence to faith for the satisfaction it affords in the solution of the mysteries that lie all around us. Men of smaller mind who have obtained their knowledge cheaply at second hand, or secured it easily out of books, are prone to think it would be very easy to know it all—and they fail to realize how much there is of mystery in life. They find no need for faith, as their greater colleagues do. Dr. Keen takes his place very naturally among these larger minds, and his little book, Life Everlasting, even as his volume of last year, I Believe in God and in Evolution, is the best evidence of his place among thoughtful scientists.

JAMES J. WALSH.

The Anglican Revival, Studies in The Oxford Movement, by Yngve Brilioth. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

THE author of these studies is a German and a Lutheran, a lecturer in church history in the University of Upsala. His approach to the field of neo-Anglicanism is that of a scholar who regards the revival of Catholic ideas in the Church of England as one of the most interesting phenomena in religious history. The book, then, is an attempt to examine impartially the causes for the movement and to weigh its significance in the light of Christendom at large. Dr. Brilioth has read widely, deeply and sympathetically to equip himself for the task. He sees in the Tractarian episode a mixture of elements. Wesleyan evangelicalism is there, Calvin predestination and not a little of that flair for the romantic and mediaeval, which bore flower in the literature of the period—in the works of the Lake poets and the tales of Sir Walter Scott. And the author conjectures that the early reading of the Waverly novels may have aided in turning the fancy of the boy Newman toward the prospect of a more picturesque worship of God than that which his environment provided.

The picture that Dr. Brilioth paints of Tractarian activity—of those perfervid years from 1833 to 1845—is very different from the conception which haunts the popular mind. The Oxford movement he holds, did not begin in color and ritual, however much in that direction it may have been carried on later. It was a hard, bare and austere religion that Newman, Pusey and Keble preached. Theirs was a Catholicism shorn of vulgar excrescences, but also of much that is tender and human. Light there was, sometimes sweetness, but never heat or warmth. Dr. Brilioth speaks of "the anxious precision, the fear of every excess of joy or confidence, the trait of Puritanical severity, which at times seems to form the fundamental note of the Tractarian temper." Yet it is not in these high and dry qualities that he senses the weakness of the movement. Rather he bemoans the fact that beginning as a dynamic force, it ended as a static, that prompted at first by vague yearnings toward spiritual enrichment, it so easily settled upon a fixed and mundane platform, the chief plank of which was Apostolic Succession. He quotes a letter which Newman wrote the Bishop of Oxford—"It is sanctity of heart and conduct which commends us to God. If we be holy, all will be well with us. External things are comparatively nothing; whatever be a religious body's relation to the state—whatever its regimen—whatever its doctrines—whatever its worship—if it has but this life of holiness within it, this inward gift will, if I may so speak, take care of itself . . . When Almighty God stirs the heart, then His other gifts follow in time; sanctity is the great note of His Church." It is this utterance and the broad and generous spirit which it bespeaks that Dr. Brilioth seizes as the movement's peak. The definite program that followed, the Rome-ward drift are regarded as regrettable descents. But how, being a "Catholic revival," it could have avoided definiteness and a desire for harmony with the parent body, our Lutheran critic does not explain.

The book is exhaustive but not at all points has the material been well digested. It is valuable chiefly as a contribution to scholarship and for its provocativeness. It foreshadows works that might be written and suggests fascinating enquiries. Why has the English genius for religion—whether Catholic or Protestant—been woven always of such stern stuff? Why has

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the gladness, common enough in English secular literature, turned to gloom at the mention of God? Why has the race produced no mystic or rhapsodist of the first order? Herbert, Crashaw, Patmore, yes; but no Saint John of the Cross, no Saint Theresa or Saint Francis of Assisi. Is it true that the Anglo-Saxon temperament cannot be natural, familiar, or blithe in the presence of divine things? Is it doomed forever to dourness and glumness when contemplating the eternal verities? These and other questions this volume raises, questions which some one with insight and imagination may some day take pains to answer.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

Balisand, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN Balisand, Mr. Hergesheimer finds for the first time, if we except The Bright Shawl, the kind of scene best suited to his special needs and talents. It is American; it is highly colored; it is romantic; and its characters are aristocrats. In Java Head he had the exoticism for which his soul craves; and in The Three Black Pennys, which remains, despite its faults, the strongest of his books, he had the irony of futile romance. In Balisand he gets everything that he wants. For here at last he finds his spiritual home in the elegance and dignity of the society of eighteenth century Virginian gentlemen.

In other books, Mr. Hergesheimer had to make one believe in the social superiority of his characters by depicting them as moving in expensively decorated rooms and as being in love with "expensive women, their bodies delicately evident under clinging fragile materials, their powdered throats hung with the clotted iridescence of pearls."

In Balisand, among the fox-hunting Virginian aristocrats, it has not been necessary for him to insist so strongly upon the furniture and the ladies' gowns. The vulgarity here takes another form, that of insisting, lest we should be in any danger of forgetfulness, on the "blood" and "breeding"—words that occur on every other page—of his characters.

One does not really feel the formal elegance of the eighteenth century here, as one feels it in every line of Esmond. The fact is that, for all his mincing steps, we become as suspicious of Mr. Hergesheimer's literary manners as we do of the social manners of his aristocrats.

Life Meredith before him, there clearly operates in him a dread of the evident, and a yearning to dress his books as carefully as he dresses his person. He does it, too, with infinite patience and much skill, and weaves out of his prose a tapestry, rich, soft and sumptuous. But his characters are too often smothered under the folds of their heavy brocades.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Since when have you taken to displaying your decorations?" asked Primus Criticus, as Dr. Angelicus lowered himself, cautiously, into his favorite and gargantuan easy chair. On the lapel of his coat there glistened a strange device: a circle of jagged points surrounding the letters: "P. P. A."

"Decorations?" puffed the philosopher. "Except on ceremonial occasions, sir, I consider the ostentatious display of one's medals, orders, etc., to be in the worst possible taste, and I never—Oh, you mean my membership badge. That is another story. I have joined the one society I consider to be worthy of the support of all right-thinking men and women."

"The letters are suspiciously reminiscent of the late and not lamented A. P. A.," commented Primus Criticus, "or Mr. Anderson's P. P. P.—I forget the rest of it. What do they stand for?"

"P. P. A. stands for Prospects Protective Association," replied Angelicus. "Its great object is the education of all men, women and children in the very much needed art of self-defense against the wiles and witchcraft of salesmen. The great idea was first conceived by a great man, at least he will be great though until now he simply was one of the multitude of men and women who are habitually preyed upon by the salesmen. I refer to our mutual friend, Mr. Boobicus. Like all of us, with the possible exception of our Business Manager, who possibly belongs to the enemy, Mr. Boobicus has been the life-long victim of a great American conspiracy euphemistically known as salesmanship. After buying innumerable sets of books he really didn't want or need, and useless furniture and household appliances, an unnecessary fur coat and Florida real estate, ten shares in a dry oil well, dubious bonds—and all sorts of other things, Mr. Boobicus came to his senses. The fact that he was badly overdrawn at his bank, through his last debauch of buying, shocked him back to sanity. Then he started an investigation, inducing that expert in abnormal psychology, Mr. Clarence Darrow, to assist him. Mr. Darrow has just reported his researches in the pages of the American Mercury, recommending that there should be established a college for the teaching of the art of self-protection against the hypnotic methods of modern sales-

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men. Mr. Boobicus has gone Mr. Darrow one better, by forming the Prospects Protective Association. Discovering that the country is dotted with universities and colleges teaching the black magic of salesmanship, Mr. Boobicus felt that something more drastic than an opposing institution was called for and that the real remedy is a course by experts who can teach the art of stiffening resistance.

"What's the syllabus?" asked Primus Criticus.

"Well," answered the Doctor, "our course in twelve months of saying 'No,' and meaning it, will probably be the most popular with our clients and the most dreaded by the enemy. "How to Deal With Female Agents," will be dealt with in a course reserved, of course, for men only and vice versa. As the salesmen are taught in their colleges the magical arts of how to C-o-n-c-e-n-t-r-a-t-e! by Going Into the Silence, and Developing Will Power, classes in "Dispersing the Selling Attack" will be established by our association. Before going to bed at night, our members are taught how to set their wills, as other people set their alarm clocks, so that next day they will not only be able to say "No" but to follow it up, if necessary, by a complete and devastating refusal to give any reasons for it that will completely "de-pep" the peppiest of intruding salesmen. The jagged points surrounding the letters "P. P. A." on my badge indicate the psychological resistance, a sort of electrical, or psychic force, which we will radiate in order to protect ourselves against the overmastering influence of the salesman. I fully anticipate that in a very short time the P. P. A. will spread from coast to coast and from the north to the south, so that it will be practically impossible for even the toughest and hardiest salesman to break through the living chain of resistance which will be established."

At this point in his harangue, Dr. Angelicus was interrupted by Tittivillus, who presented him with a card, saying, "The gentleman wants to see you at once, sir."

Automatically arising, Dr. Angelicus went forth, only to return in a little while looking so nonplussed that only the Business Manager had the heart to inquire: "What's happened, Doctor?"

"Oh, it is a confounded agent who has been chasing me for a week with a new edition of Dr. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."

"Did you buy?" asked Primus Criticus, grimly.

For reply Dr. Angelicus groaned, removed the P. P. A. badge from his lapel and put it into his pocket.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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